THE

FURIOUS BUTCHER HUMBLED.

A true and Remarkable Story as related by the late Rev. Mr. Fletcher, Vicar of Madely, in Shropshire.

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THE FURIOUS BUTCHER, &c.

ONE Sunday when I had done reading prayers at Madely, I went up into the pulpit intending to preach a Sermon, which I had prepared for that purpose; but my mind was so confused, that I could not recollect either my text, or any part of my sermon. I was afraid I should be obliged to come down, without saying any thing. But having recollected myself a little, I thought I would say something on the first lesson, which was the third chapter of Daniel, containing the account of the three children cast into the fiery furnace: I found in doing it such an extraordinary assistance from God, and such a peculiar enlargement of heart, that I supposed there must be some peculiar cause for it. I therefore desired if

any of the congregation found any thing particular they would acquaint me with it the ensuing week.

In consequence of this, the Wednesday after, a woman came and gave me the following account. "I have been for some time much concerned about my soul. I have attended the church at all opportunities, and have spent much time in private prayer. At this my husband (who is a butcher) has been exceedingly enraged, and threatened me severely what he would do, if I did not leave off going to John Fletcher's church: yea, if I dared to go to any religious meetings whatever. When I told him I could not in conscience refrain from going, at least, to our parish church; he grew quite outrageous, and swore dreadfully, if I went any more, he would cut my throat as soon as I came home. This made me cry mightily to God that he would support me in the trying hour. And though I did not feel any great degree of comfort, yet having assure

confidence in God, I determined to go on in my duty, and leave the rest to him. Last Sunday, after many struggles with the devil and my own heart, I came down stairs ready for church. My husband asked me, whether I was resolved to go thither? I told him, I was. Well, then, said he, I shall not, as I intended, cut your throat, but will heat the oven and throw you into it, the moment you come home. Notwithstanding this threatening, which he enforced with many bitter oaths, I went to church, praying all the way, that God would strengthen me to suffer whatever might befal me. While you were speaking of the three children whom Nebuchadnezzar cast into the burning fiery furnace, I found it all belonged to *me*, and God applied every word of it to my heart. And when the sermon was ended, I thought if I had a thousand lives, I could lay them all down for God. I felt my whole soul so filled with the love of Christ, that I *hastened* home,

fully determined to give myself to whatsoever God pleased: nothing doubting, but that either he would take me to heaven, if he suffered me to be burnt to death, or that he would somehow deliver me, even as he did his three servants that trusted in him. When I had got almost to my own door, I saw the flames issuing out of the mouth of the oven, and I expected nothing else, but that I should be thrown into it immediately. I felt my heart rejoice, that if it were so, the will of the Lord would be done. I opened the door, and to my utter astonishment, saw my husband upon his knees, wrestling with God, in prayer for the forgiveness of his sins. He caught me in his arms, earnestly begged my pardon, and has continued diligently seeking the Lord ever since. "I now know (adds Mr. Fletcher) why my sermon was taken from me, namely, that God might thus magnify his mercy."

The following Anecdote presents a remarkable contrast to the above.

ANECDOTE of the REV. MR. GALLAND.

WHILE Mr. G. was minister at Ilikston, an ungodly man threatened his life, because he supposed that his preaching had contributed to the fanaticism of his son's wife: a crime that could not be forgiven. He vowed vengeance no less than death, and sought an opportunity to execute it: but the Lord, who defends his people, took care of his servant, and shielded his head in the hour of danger. Having heard that there was a prayer-meeting at his son's house, on the Sabbath-day morning, he repaired thither with the instrument of death; being hardened to his purpose by drinking all the preceding night. His companions in wickedness, however, endeavoured to dis-

suade him from his design, and to wrest the knife from his hand, with which he meant to do the business. He repaired to the place, breathing threatening and slaughter: but he was disappointed of his victim, for his information respecting the meeting was unfounded. However, God met with him in wrath, for, on his return, he fell into a ditch, and was found dead. Thus the Lord took care of his servant, and plentifully rewarded the evil-doer.

[*Evan. Mag.*

Who hath hardened himself against God and prospered? Job ix. 4.

Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish! Acts xiii. 41.

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts;

and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God for he will abundantly pardon. Isaiah lv. 7.

Jesus Christ is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them. Heb. vii. 25.

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